

## The Story of the Skies.

AT 9:30 o'clock now the head of the first constellation of the Zodiac—Aries, the Ram—is on the meridian. Its chief star is named Hamal, or Ras Hamal, meaning in Arabic the Ram's head. Through the precession of the equinoxes Aries has lost the Vernal Equinox which once lay within its borders.

## THE HEARTBREAKER By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

### After Arthur Dances With Honora, Tom Chandler Leads Her Away After Kissing Mildred.

CHAPTER XIII.  
LATER, as Honora was chatting with her hostess, Mildred came up to her, and after talking for a minute addressed her sister in a low voice. "Let me see your card," she demanded.

"When she had scanned it, she laughed teasingly. "What's the matter?" Honora queried.

"Oh, nothing." Then as Mrs. Denton turned away to greet a new arrival, Mildred explained.

"She only teased," she said. "To see that you yourself had done the very thing that you reproved me for doing. You have let Arthur write his name as often as he wished—which was just what I had told him he might do with me—and you were shocked at the idea."

"The cases are entirely different," Honora protested. "I did not tell the same thing to two men—Mr. Tom Chandler, for that matter. When Arthur found that Tom Chandler had gotten ahead of him, he asked for some dances with me. So," with a whimsical smile, "I was not first choice after all."

Mildred patted her arm affectionately. "If he had not wanted to dance with you so many times, he would not have asked you to let him do so," she commented.

The child meant the words kindly. Honora reflected later, as she and Arthur danced together. Yet her sympathy had awakened a train of unpleasant thoughts.

Nobody likes to be pitied—least of all a proud woman. Honora felt that Mildred was a little sorry for her, and was trying to console her by assurances that Arthur Bruce found her attractive.

She did not need to be consoled, she mused bitterly. She was not an object of pity! A number of other men besides Arthur Bruce had sought her out this evening.

Even Tom Chandler had begged to be allowed to put his name on her card. She had let him do so. She did not trust the fellow, nor care for him—but one must be polite to him.

Her card was full by the time she had been in the room a half hour. Yet Mildred pitied her. She sighed impatiently, and Arthur, catching the sound, looked down at her.

A Steady Cavalier.  
"Are you tired?" he asked. "A little," she said. "Suppose we sit out the rest of this dance."

He led her to a chair in the library and went away to get her a glass of water.

During his absence she reproached herself for her feeling of resentment. Yet it was hard to forget that she had been taken that which her sister did not want—that had Arthur been ahead of Tom Chandler—she, Honora Brent, would have had perhaps one dance with him instead of the half dozen for which he had asked. In vulgar parlance, she was taking her sister's left-overs!

Arthur's voice made her start. He was standing in front of her, a glass in his hand.

"Here's your drink, Honora," he said. "Thank you!" She drank the water thirstily. "It is deliciously cold," she added.

He set the glass on the table near him, and seated himself at her side. "It's mighty good of you to let me be with you so much this evening," he said. "Do you know what I was just wondering?"

"What?"

from what I suppose were foolish dreams, that it is mighty pleasant to fight with people just what I would have her be."

The orchestra in the hall began to play a waltz, and Arthur got up. "Ask Mrs. Denton for this dance," he said. "I am sorry, but she is my hostess, so I must be prompt."

"Go at once," the girl commanded. "I am engaged for this dance any way—with Tom Chandler."

"If I meet him I will tell him where you are," Arthur said. When he had left her, she arose and walked to the library doors opening into the conservatory. She was wondering where her partner was when she saw him.

She was not to be in doubt for long. As her eyes became accus-

tomed to the dim light of the fragrant interior, she discerned Tom Chandler and Mildred standing at the far end of the aisle of plants.

As she looked the man bent and kissed the girl.

A moment later Tom Chandler appeared in the library where Honora stood waiting.

"Oh, here you are!" he exclaimed, setting her by the arm. "Bruce told me where to find you."

"Yes, I am here," Honora said lamely.

As they reached the dance room and Tom passed his arm about her for the waltz, Honora shivered slightly.

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To Be Continued.

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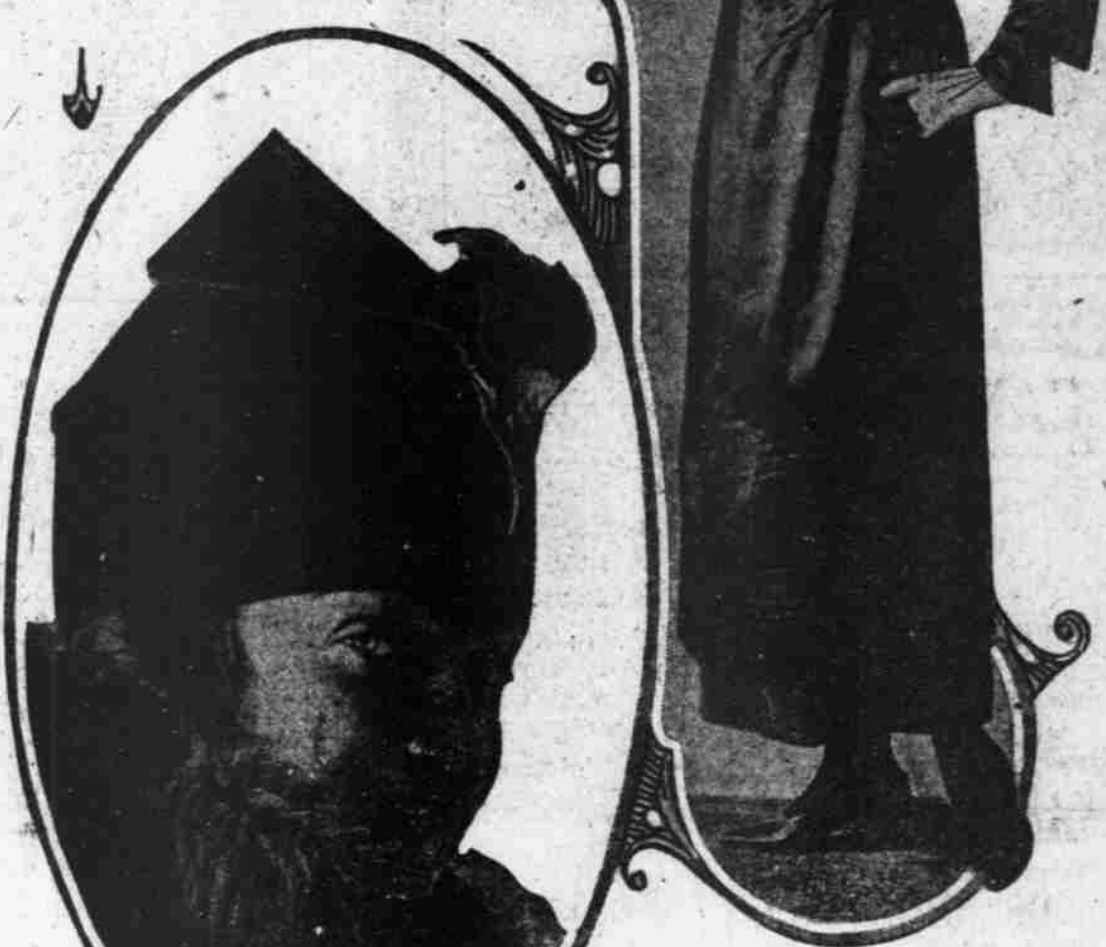
## The Most Lasting Power Over Others Is Gained by Understanding Them

# Magazine Page

## Unique Gown and Chic Hat

This attractive gown of navy blue satin, embroidered in red and gold thread, with a charming band of fur at the bottom. A fur collar to match makes an added attraction. The hat has a black panne velvet top, with royal blue velvet facing, turned up at the left side and with a number of gorgeous royal blue feathers to give it the desired effect.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood.



This little imported model is of reindeer brown chiffon velvet, faced with taffeta of the same shade. The brim takes an interesting turn and a feather fancy makes just the right finishing touch.

Photo by Western Newspaper Union

## Dunk Spurgeon, Who Comes To Town Every Third Saturday, Refused To Believe the News.

By FONTAINE FOX.

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## PASTURE ON THE ROOFS

The log cabins of rural Norway are built of heavy pine logs, hewn square, and of equal size from end to end. They are usually stained or oiled, and their rich yellowish or brownish color is in harmony with almost any surroundings. Their roofs are so-called a circumstance that adds picturesque to the general effect.

"I have come across roofs that were a riot of wild pantries," says a visitor; "and I have seen wonderful rooms where wild roses climb over the eaves, or a daisy roof, the effect of whose white, star-like flowers, topping the dark brown structure, was exquisitely picturesque. Some roofs produce only pasture grass, and the story runs in Norwegian folk-lore that a lazy man led his cow on the roof—the cabin was built against a hill, and instead of taking her to the pasture, I have no doubt that the story is true, for I have often seen a couple of white kids gamboling on the green house-tops while the busy farmer, grave and ruminative, was tethered to the chimney."

"So roofs are just as water-tight as others, if they are laid correctly. A board roof is first laid upon a house, and this is covered with a layer of birch bark. On top of this comes a layer of sod with the grass turned down to the roof. Then a rather thick layer of earth, and finally another layer of sod, this time with the grass up."

To keep the cut edge of a cheese from hardening, smear a little butter over it, and so keep it from the air.

To clean and remove stains from brown boots, brush off all dust and mud, then rub with a soft flannel dipped in petrol. Polish in the usual way.

To prevent copper utensils from tarnishing, clean them with equal quantities of sand, flour and salt mixed with vinegar. Rinse in hot water, and polish with dry whitening.

## HINTS FOR THE ANECDOTES OF HOUSEHOLD THE FAMOUS

IF the bristles of your hair brushes become soft after being washed, you can remedy it this way: If the water used at first is hot, the rinsing waters should be cooled down, and, lastly, the brushes should be given a thorough rinsing in cold water. A little ammonia should have been added to the washing water, and the hair brushes be dried in the open air or in a drying cupboard when the weather is not sunny.

When mending small holes in lace curtains, darn them before the curtain is washed, but, when there is a hole that requires a patch, wash the curtains first, stretch and dry, then cut a piece of the top with which to make the patch, trim off all frayed edges around the hole, dip the patch in raw starch, and press it over the hole.

Spirits of turpentine will remove most spots from silk, but care must first be taken to see that the dye is fast. It is as well to experiment first on a spare piece of the fabric. Failing this, powdered French chalk, mixed to a mustard consistency with lavender water, should be rubbed into the stain, left till caked, and a hot iron—laid on a sheet of blotting paper—finally passed over the top. An ounce of essence of lemon and half an ounce of oil of turpentine is an old-fashioned remedy for stained silks.

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To remove typewriting ink-stains, soak the inked place in turpentine for twenty-four hours, then pour boiling soda water on it, and rinse. When dry, the stains will have disappeared.

When making underclothes by machine, it sometimes happens that they get oil-stained. The stains should be taken out with ammonia before the garments are sent to the laundry.

To clean zinc, use hot soapy water, then polish with kerosene.

To clean knife handles or any bone article, it is a good plan to use salt and lemon juice. First rub the article well with lemon juice and then with the salt. This will remove stains and grease spots.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier, once had an amusing experience with his dresser. It was on a first night, and when the performance was over the dresser was nowhere to be seen. Mr. Bourchier sent someone to look for him, and he was discovered in the gallery—boding!

His explanation was that he was an old gallery first-nighter, and that while he would serve Mr. Bourchier faithfully behind the scenes, he reserved the right to do as he liked in the auditorium and boo or clap according to his unbiased opinion.

Mr. Bourchier did not dismiss the man. A frank critic is a valued friend.

Authors do not always live quite up to their writings, or artists to their pictures. Here is a little yarn about Mr. Louis Raemaekers, which shows that once he was almost tempted to fall below the high standard of courage insisted on in his cartoons.

He was visiting the British front in Flanders, and during a temporary lull was being conducted along a front-line trench. Suddenly the enemy commenced a lively bombardment.

I tried to keep my back up and to look as unconcerned as the Tommy by my side," says Mr. Raemaekers, "but I found it hard work—the desire to burrow into the trench was nearly too much for me."

As one Tommy eloquently put it, "it ain't till yer in khaki that yer forgits ter duck!"

Absent Mindedness.  
Young Mr. Hardington was going on a fortnight visit to his wealthy aunt and was receiving his wife's final instructions. "Now, James," she said, "you are very absent-minded, but do, please, remember to put on your tie should you be called on to wear evening dress. Last time you went to the theatre without it."

"I'll make a note of it," said the forgetful one. "Also," the wife went on, "remember that Aunt Ellen's brother Thomas is a sore point with all of them. Don't mention him!" "I'll put that down, too," murmured the husband. "Then, too, dear, do be careful about getting in debt. You ought, I am sure, to cold the last time."

"I'll try to remember," he said. She imprinted a farewell kiss upon his lips. "I hope, dear," she said, "a catch in her voice," "you'll think of me every day while you're gone."

"Yes, dear, I will," responded Mr. Hardington, absently. "I'll make a memorandum of that!"

Don't forget that victory must be paid for, and that our war expenses do not cease when actual fighting ceases. Keep your war savings pledge and buy more U. S. S.

## This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the depositing of the ashes of Columbus in 1898 in the Cathedral of Seville. The bones of the great navigator had lain for years in the Cathedral at Hispaniola, then in Havana, and were brought with those of his son and placed in their final resting place in the beautiful Spanish city.

## The "Zepp's" Passenger

### AN EXCITING AND ROMANTIC NEW SPY SERIAL

#### Sir Henry Expresses Doubt That Lessingham Will Return From London, as He Promised

"The fishermen can talk of nothing else," Nora put in excitedly. "Mummy, it was simply splendid! Helen and I had come up with two of the rescued men, but I got back just in time to see them fasten the rope round his waist and watch him plunge in."

"How is he this morning?" Helen asked.

"Gone," Philippa replied. "They all looked at her in surprise. "Gone?" Sir Henry repeated. "What, back to the hotel, do you mean?"

"His bed has not been slept in," Philippa told them. "He must have slipped away early this morning, gone to Hill's Garage, hired a car, and motored to Norwich. From there he went on to London. He has sent word that he will be back in a few days."

"I hope to God he won't!" Sir Henry muttered. Philippa swung round upon him. "What do you mean by that?" she demanded. "Don't you want to thank him for saving your life?"

"My dear, certainly do," Sir Henry replied. "But just now, well, I am a little taken aback. Go to London, eh? Tore away without warning in the middle of the night to London! And coming back too—that's the strange part of it!"

One would think, from Sir Henry's expression, that he was finding food for much satisfaction in his recital of Lessingham's sudden disappearance.

"He is a wonderful fellow, this Lessingham," he added thoughtfully. "He must have—yes, by God, he must have—in that storm, too!"

"If you could speak coherently, Henry," Philippa observed, "I should like to say that I am exceedingly anxious to know why Mr. Lessingham has deserted us so precipitately."

Sir Henry would have taken his wife's arm, but she avoided him. He shrugged his shoulders and plodded up the steep path by her side.

"The whole question of Lessingham is rather a problem," he said. "Of course, you and Helen have seen very much more of him than I have. Isn't it true that people have begun to make curious remarks about him?"

"How did you know that, Henry?" Philippa demanded.

"Well, one hears things," he replied. "I should gather, from what I heard, that his position here had become a little precarious. Hence his sudden disappearance."

But he is coming back again," Philippa reminded her husband. "Perhaps."

Philippa signified her desire that her husband should remain a little with her. They walked side by side up the gravel path. She kept her hands clasped behind her.

"To leave the subject of Mr. Lessingham for a time," she began, "I feel very reluctant to ask for explanations of anything you do, but I must confess to a certain curiosity as to why I should find you lunching at the Carlton with all these beautiful ladies, a few days ago when you left here with Jimmy Dumble to fish for whiting, and also why you return here on a trawler which belongs to another part of the coast?"

Sir Henry made a grimace. "I was beginning to wonder whether curiosity was dead," he observed good humoredly. "If you wouldn't mind giving me another—well, to be on the safe side let us say eight days—I think I shall be able to offer you an explanation which you will consider satisfactory."

"Thank you," Philippa rejoined, with cold surprise. "I see no reason why you should not answer such simple questions at once."

Sir Henry sighed deprecatingly, and made another vain attempt to tell his wife's arm. "Henry," he begged, "I know I seem to have been playing the part of a fool just lately, but there has been a sort of reason for it."

"What reason could there possibly be?" she demanded, "which you could not confide in me?"

last twelve months absolutes me from any life there may be between us. If this explanation that you promptly could give me, then, I feel like it, very well. Until it does, I am perfectly free, and you, as my husband, are non-existent. That is my reply, Henry, to your request for further indulgence."

"Rather a foolish one, my dear," he answered, patting her shoulder. "But then you are rather a child, aren't you?"

"She swung away from him angrily. "Don't touch me!" she exclaimed. "I mean every word of what I have said. As for my being a child, well, you may be sorry some day that you have permitted in treating me like one."

Sir Henry paused for a moment, watching her disappearing figure. There was an unusual shade of trouble in his face. His love for and confidence in his wife had been so absolute that even her threats had seemed to him like little morsels of wounded vanity thrown to him out of the froth of her temper. Yet at that moment a darker thought crossed his mind. Lessingham, he realized, was not a rival, after all, to be despised. He was a man of courage and skill, even though Sir Henry, in his own mind, had labeled him as a fool. If indeed he were coming back to Drayton, what could it be for?

He looked at Helen took Philippa's place at the head of the table. "She wants some coffee and toast sent up to her room," Nora exclaimed. "The wind must be her ally."

Sir Henry breakfasted in silence, rang the bell, and ordered his car. "You going away again, Daddy?" Nora asked.

"I am going to London this morning," he replied, a little absently.

"London?" Helen repeated. "Does Philippa know?"

"I haven't told her yet," Helen turned toward Nora. "She's been run up and see if you can't get her some more coffee."

"Nora acquiesced at once. As soon as she had left the room, Helen looked at her husband and laid her hand upon Sir Henry's arm. "Don't go to London, Henry," she begged.

"But my dear Helen, I must," he replied, a little curtly. "I wouldn't if I were you," she persisted. "You know, you've tried Philippa over and over lately, and she is in an extremely sensitive state. She is all worked up about last night, and I wouldn't leave her alone, if I were you."

Sir Henry's blue eyes seemed suddenly like points of steel as he leaned toward her. "You think that she is in love with that fellow Lessingham?" he asked bluntly.

"No, I don't," Helen replied, "but I think she is more furious with you than you believe. For months you have acted—well, how shall I say?"

"Oh, like a coward, if you like, or a fool. Go on."

"She has asked for explanations to which she is perfectly entitled," Helen continued, "and you have given her none. You have treated her like a screaming baby between a doll and a child. Philippa is a sweet and sweet as any woman who ever lived, but hasn't it ever occurred to you that women are rather mysterious beings? They may come some times do, out of a furious sense of being wrongly treated, out of a sort of aggravated pique, what their memory does for any other reason. If you must go, come back tonight, Henry. Come back, and try to be obstinate and won't tell Philippa all that she has a right to know. Tell her about that luncheon in town."

Sir Henry frowned. "It's all very well, you know, Helen," he said. "A woman ought to trust her husband."

"I am your friend, remember," Helen replied, "and upon my word, I couldn't trust and believe even in Dick, if he behaved as you have done for the last twelve months."

Sir Henry made a grimace. "Well, as a matter of fact, I suppose, then," he observed, "I'll have more to say to you than I can with Philippa. Perhaps a hint of what's going on may satisfy her."

He climbed the stairs, meeting Nora on her way down, and knocked at his wife's door. There was no reply. He tried the handle and found the door locked.

"Are you there, Philippa?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, coldly.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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Military Rallying Points.

Before Napoleon's time it was the custom for armies to carry huge unwieldy flags mounted on poles which, while they afforded a rallying point for their troops, also drew the enemy's fire. Napoleon revised the ancient symbol of the Caesars.

The Napoleonic eagle itself was eight inches in height and nine inches across the wings. It stood on a brass block three inches square, and weighed three and a half pounds. Modern colors, cumbersome as they are, are as nothing compared to the old ones, which were difficult to hide.

It may take more than two years to demobilize our fighting forces, and until that time the Government will need our money. Keep your W. S. S. pledge and buy more U. S. S.